Volume LXXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 12, 1914 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

PEACE.

There is a rumor of eternal Peace;
The wonderful wild news sweeps through the world
That nevermore loud drums shall beat alarms.
Or bugles blow the awful songs of war.

* * * * * *

And mighty armies lost like Autumn winds.
Call in the iron navies of the world,
And sink them in the ocean's monstrous heart;
Sunder the bastions of the universe,
The watchful forts that face the open sea;
Still we shall hear the rumors of great wars,
And see the smoke of conflict; we shall know
The old, old battle of the rich and poor—
The poor with watch-fires in the engine-room.
And regiments of children in the mills;
The rich with beacon-lights upon their hearths,
And golden domes their perfumed tents at night.
But when wild Winter bares her icy sword,
One army shall remember Valley Forge,
And tremble at the menace of the days;
One army shall meet endless Waterloos
In the long line of years that sing defeat,
And in their tattered uniforms march on,
Till Death, the last Commander, bids them halt.
There shall be desolation in their eyes,
And sorrow where they pitch their city camp;
And rags shall be the emblem of their cause—
Sad banners that reveal their very shame.

Dream not of Peace eternal till there comes
Some hour supreme when these two hosts shall meet
In a great whirlwind of high brotherhood!

But dream not there shall be eternal Peace,
Though red battalions have been scattered far.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

From "Beyond the Stars and Other Poems."

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914. NUMBER 24.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great; he hath in him God most high
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

Swinburne.

Has not the smile of the "Mona Lisa" been a little overworked? It would be a matter of interesting analysis to try to determine how much of the "inscrutableness" of that smile is born out of the critic's brain rather than out of the artist's brush. It is possible for certain fashionable schools of criticism to read meanings into a picture as into a poem of which artist and poet were quite innocent, as the disturbed shades of Robert Browning and Leonardo da Vinci would testify if they could break the silence.

There will be no lack of good things said on February 12 concerning the Emancipation Proclamation. Momentous as was the proclamation to the colored people, it was no less momentous to the white men, whose emancipation from prejudice and race conceit and the exploitation of human life, is not yet complete. The sequel shows that the black man recovers from the blight of slavery, in the South, more rapidly than many of his white enslavers. Because of the blight which slavery cast over their lives and that of their fore-elders, they are still the victims of fear, of prejudice, of conservatism, which robs them of much of the joy of life, and of what is better, the inspirations of progress.

The President, in his recent declarations against the Panama discriminations, the Literacy Test in the Immigration Bill, and his frank and generous indorsement of Secretary Bryan, has added striking evidence of the independent spirit and statesmanlike breadth of vision which give him not only leadership in the United States, but position among the progressive leaders of the world. The repeal of coastwise favors to American ships is not a question of American trade, but a question of national integrity. Is it not as dishonorable for a nation to violate a contract as it is for an individual? The Literacy Test reduces itself to a question of pedagogy. Should the ability to read "forty words in any language" determine the desirability of men and women for citizenship in the United States, —where there is forever an unsatisfied demand for labor, hard, honest toilers to dig our ditches, harvest our grain, milk our cows, and cook our breakfasts,—while in each city there are night schools free of cost, and the door of the little red school house swings easily outward in every countryside?

Current Opinion for February has a striking article entitled "Francis Thompson's Flaming Interpretation of Roman Catholicism." The article says that this man, religious from the first, as he grew older "became obsessed by religion," and still the kind of religion which he accepted did not save him from becoming an "outcast" of the most pathetic kind, made such by his own weak will and wayward indulgences. He traveled the road of the dissipated, with poor Poe, Coleridge, DeQuincy, Byron, and the long line of less gifted but still illuminated children of genius. The religion which "obsessed" him grew grossly irreligious. For, after all, a certain element of control born out of a scientific recognition of the sanctity of law and the holiness of right conduct must belong to true piety. However profound may be the revelation that the "hounds of Hell" pursue, a dissipated faith is unsaintly. A drugged poet is a horrible illustration of the vicious business of the drug vender and the rotten condition of the state which protects the weak, incompetent or irresponsible child from the fire that would burn his body, but stands complacently by while the fire-water and the opiate burn his soul.

UNITY has often been suspected by some of its friends, particularly the dear young friends of college affiliation and privilege, of being cranky on the question of athletics, a Philistine in the presence of football and the much vaunted "games" that are supposed

to contribute so much to the manliness and spiritual development of the modern youth. Perhaps the charge is justified, but be that as it may, we earnestly beg under-graduates, graduates, parents and professors to give thoughtful study to the three articles with which the conservative, dignified and always academic *Atlantic Monthly* introduces its February issue. Three pages of weighty, searching introduction by the editor, then two articles follow, "Athletics and the School," and "Athletics and the College," where some hidden secrets are revealed by men who are on the inside and ought to know what they are talking about. This prostitution of ideals, to foster which is the end and aim of education, to the more exciting attractions of brawn and competitive struggles on the low levels of physical strength and agility, cannot be tolerated much longer by men and institutions who are trying to develop a civilization, non-military and non-competitive. When will the presidents and professors of our universities cease the discussion of these questions at their "smokers" and carry the problems where they belong, to the altars of religion and the higher codes of ethics? How much longer will the standard of ethics reflected in the Beatitudes be subjected to the indignities on the campus and at the "grid-iron"—if that is the permissable phrase—of the gladiatorial shows of pre-christian days, the bull-fight amusements of Spain and the tango and kindred South American abandonments of the ball room, which, by common consent, require so much censorship to keep them within the bounds of respectability?

Samples of some of the work done in the Intra-Mural School for convicts in the Maryland penitentiary are before us and they tell a most striking story of what can be done, no, what has been done, under skillful teaching with what would be considered most unpromising material. One is at a loss to know which is most surprising, the capacity of grown-up illiterate criminals to take on literacy or the capacity of teachers, inside of prison walls, to lead forth (educate) these belated and beclouded powers into intelligence. Here are letters reproduced showing how a Chinaman criminal sixty-six years of age learned to write English. Here are reproductions of letters to their wives by convicts who six months before were ignorant of the art of writing. These reprints, of which there are four before us, are valuable contributions to pedagogy and will well reward the study of teachers, particularly those in our public schools and who have belated privileges to offer. One prisoner writes to his "Dear Teacher" concerning what he wanted to do when he "got out":

> I would like to run on a real railroad but as I couldn't read or write I could not get a job. Now I have the education to pass the examination of any railroad so I can work and go through life like a man. My main trouble was I did not have the learning except to go through life with a pick and shovel, but now I can go through doing what is right.

In the light of the achievements of this school, how superficial and unnecessary, not to say absurd and wicked, is the Literacy Test in the pending immigration bill at Washington. We would like to remind the legislators that under their bill the mother of Thomas Carlyle would not have been permitted to land in America before her beloved "Tomas" had left home. When "Tomas" went to college the mother mastered the art of writing that she might keep in touch with her beloved son, who in after years was so proud to acknowledge his indebtedness to her for the character and brains that were his. Let teachers and preachers ask the *Baltimore News* for the reprints that indicate the work done at the Intra-Mural School. The title itself is a poem and a prophecy.

Is there so much difference? The English woman's justification of acts of violence and the American woman's apologetic attitude towards the same, is based upon the broad assumption, that the Englishman is so different from the American; that conditions in England are so unlike those of the United States; that those outside of the English realm can not in any way judge of the situation and have no right to an opinion upon the matter. All this assumption is as unscientific as it is dangerous. That is shallow thinking which takes the cartoonist's "Johnny Bull" and "Uncle Sam" and clothes each with attributes and tendencies as different as their clothing. "Uncle Sam" in a crass philosophy is the son of Johnny Bull, and the son in many respects is the very image of the father. Human nature is alike in its fundamentals everywhere and the Twentieth Century has developed an international realm the citizens of which are unconsciously swayed by a spirit quite universal. Here in America even our philosophers, our sociologists, our economists, are prone to draw a broad line of demarcation between the eastern and southern Europeans and the western and northern Europeans. The latter are represented as desirable citizens, profitable immigrants; the former characterized as illiterate peoples, without ideals and incapable of becoming profitable American citizens. The United States has assimilated great masses of northern and western Europeans we are told, but a case of serious indigestion and malappropriation is threatened in regard to the southern and eastern Europeans who are coming to our shores, notwithstanding the fact that they are taking care of great blocks of industry. They are running our mines and our mills, not without difficulty, difficulty quite like that which beset the new immigrants who came to build up the

new nation in the '40's, '50's, and '60's. Meanwhile children of these "undesirables" are going to our public schools and are "getting there" in fine shape. They climb to the head of the class. They take college honors and are learning to pay taxes and obey the laws.

"Line in nature is not found,
Unit and Universe are round."

Are There Too Many Hymn Books?

The recent hymn-book number of the *Survey* is the most significant contribution to sociology that this organ of the sociologists has contributed to the cause it so ably interprets for a long time. Perhaps, to adequate vision, it would appear as the most important contribution ever made by this enterprising journal. The fact that social workers and students of community needs, and efforts to secure the same, should feel the need of hymns and their groping toward their use, is itself a most significant element in this striking venture. It is old Fletcher's saying: "Let me write the songs of the people and I care not who writes the laws," finding Twentieth Century realization. "Respect all such as sing when all alone!" says Browning in Paracelsus. By the same token it behooves individuals, churches, municipalities and nations to respect those movements that break into song. Let not intellectual doubts and psychological analysis concerning the validity of prayer silence the voice of the worshiper so long as hymns and prayers rise unbidden from poetic hearts. When sincere and beautiful in expression they become lovely and helpful. Not only prayer, but prayers, will remain as blessed treasures of the human soul and efficient helps to high living.

So the first significance of this hymn book number of the Survey is found in the fact that the collection was made at all, but this surprise breaks into another and finer one. That one hundred and ten "Hymns of Brotherhood and Social Aspiration" could be found, many of them modern, many of them outside of all hymn books, is a most encouraging fact. This collection constitutes a delightful little anthology commendable as poetry, quite distinct from the uses which the compilers had in mind. The singing quality of many of these hymns and tunes can only be discovered by trial; doubtless many of them will fall out by the way on account of the unanalyzable perversity of people whose likes and dislikes in these matters are beyond the control of the critic or the anticipations of the poet. But this fact remains—that the hymnists are not all dead, and that hymn writing is not a lost art. The modernness of this collection strikes us. It is no surprise that the immediate hands that compiled the final collection were none other than those of Mrs. Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey, the daughter of the beloved and tenderly lamented Samuel J. and Isabel Barrows, who did so much in interpreting religion in terms of human helpfulness and in identifying faith in God with love for man. Neither is it a surprise that of these hymns twenty-nine are found in the last edition of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals" which bears the imprint of the Unity Publishing Company and was edited by William C. Gannett and Frederick L. Hosmer, much beloved of the UNITY household.

With all this appreciation of the growth of modern hymnology and the reassurance that it brings to the believer of the power of song, not only in private but in social worship, there is something sad, to the present writer, in the constant multiplication of "new" hymn books, the apparent itching of the modern church, with the return of each Christmas season, for "fresh" carols, and for "new" hymns, anthems, and solos for every Eastertide. The American Unitarian Associatian is announcing a "new hymn book" designed to supplant several previous hymn books published for the same constituency within the last quarter of a century. There are intimations that the Social Service Division of the A. U. A. is also going to print a "collection" for its use. Young people's unions, Christian Endeavors, Y. M. C. A.'s and Women's Alliances of various denominations are groping for special collections for their peculiar needs. Sunday School workers are in constant ferment over the question of "new" hymn books. How much of this is owing to the creative fertility of the day, how much to literary and musical ambition, and to business enterprise and commercial hopes, we cannot say, but we do feel that there is an element of justifiable conservatism in the *true* ritual. There are legitimate reasons why "old" hymns have added power, for in their case the word of the poet is re-enforced by tender assoeiations and the accumulated melody of human voices—many of them silenced forever, still ringing in the chorus of memory. We would fain stop this work of making "new hymn books" and "fresh collections" and the composing of "new tunes" or of parading old tunes under *new* names. If all this could be stopped for a generation or two people might have time to possess themselves of a body of hymns, holy songs, that would become folk-lore. If any church congregation would have the hardihood to hold themselves, for the next five years, so far as congregational singing is concerned, to a little handful of immortal hymns, not more than twenty-five in number, they would soon be able to banish the printed page and sing the hymns "by heart" as well as by head.

For this reason the collection in the *Survey* is more interesting and curious than practical. The size and cost of it is self-destroying, and in most cases prohibi-

tive. If the *Survey* will go on and heroically eliminate ninety out of the hundred and ten hymns in this collection and print the twenty remaining on a manila board, type and card and form so carefully selected that they can be preserved until the little card becomes a familiar acquaintance that takes on friendly aspects, and will sell these cards for twenty-five cents per hundred, a practical experiment of great value will be possible. Keep these twenty persistently in service, insinuating them into all kinds of gatherings, labor unions, socialist meetings, conference meetings, yes, Sunday Schools and churches, let copies be placed, for instance, in every hymn rack in every pew of every church. Let the card be used until it is found, perhaps, that only ten out of the twenty songs are touched with deathlessness and gifted with universality, then gradually eliminate the dead or dying, replacing them one or two at a time with other candidates for immortality.

In this age of the volubility of the printing press we have grown too analytic and microscopic and dainty in our hymn selections. Hymn singing, in church or out of it, is not an intellectual exercise; there are only a few fundamental religious emotions and the expression of the same becomes potent by repetition. We believe that the best worshipers on the hymn-road resent new editions and new hymns, at least they miss the old words and the old tunes when they do not offend modern knowledge and the higher feelings. The human soul is very conservative in the presence of things eternal.

The earlier life of the present writer was permitted to touch, though but slightly, the power of that half hundred or less glad old heart-hymns that made Wales religious and made Welsh audiences spontaneously worshipful. He has seen and felt the power that enabled any old farmer in the back seat, or timid sister right under the pulpit, to strike out without announcing page or number, without help of book or organ, a hymn which before the second bar was reached would be picked up by men, women and children, pouring forth their full hearts. And these hymns were not doggerel either, they contained great fundamental chords of high trust, devout thinking, and tender worship truly expressed.

We are not unmindful that this is rank heresy to artists, evidence of hopeless philistinism,—but this kind of "high-church" liturgy haunts the heart as well as the head of the present writer.

All the same, we rejoice in the hymn number of the *Survey,* in the new edition of Unity Hymns and Chorals, and welcome each new applicant for a place in the hymn book. Great hymns are among the rare and difficult creations of literature. They come so seldom that their creation should be a matter of perpetual effort and receive constant encouragement.

THE PULPIT

Congress of Universal Religion in the Orient

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND

An address delivered before the International Institute of China, Shanghai, Oct. 17, 1913. Dr. Wu Ting-fang, formerly Chinese Minister to Washington, U. S. A., presiding.

Mr. President, Members of the Institute and Friends:

Nothing since my arrival in China has given me greater pleasure or satisfaction than to find in this, the greatest commercial city of your republic, an institution established for such high and important aims as those that have given birth to this International Institute of China.

The remarkable, and in some respects startling, fact, confronts our generation, that for the first time mankind have now one world. Up to within the memory of men now living the various countries of the globe were isolated, had little relation with one another, were fragments of a world without unity. Only within the present generation, as the result of exploration, travel, commerce, trade, science, literature, mails, telegraphs, etc., have the fragments been united, and we have now, as never before, what may be truly called one world and one human family. It follows that the next great step waiting to be taken by us all, by all men, all nations and all peoples, is to learn how our newly created world-family may live together without antagonisms, without mutual destruction, may live together in peace and good will and therefore in security.

This being the situation in which we all find ourselves today, I do not know how it is possible for an association to exist for a nobler or more vital purpose than that of your institute, which is, as I understand it, to do everything within your power, by means of various agencies, to promote international, inter-racial and inter-religious fraternity in China and between China and the rest of the world.

And now with your consent I am going to call your attention to a matter which I trust will interest you because it is in harmony with the spirit and aims of your institute. Will you pardon me if, to make my meaning clear, it seems necessary to speak briefly of myself, and of the purpose which has brought me to China and the East.

I am in the Orient not on a mere pleasure excursion, but because I have been sent here on a definite mission by three associations of the West, namely, the American Unitarian Association, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the International Congress of Liberal Religion. A part of my mission is to speak wherever opportunity offers in exposition of the principles of Liberal Christianity as understood by Unitarians. But another part, and not less important, is to do what may be possible to prepare the way for a number of Congresses of Liberal Religion, or perhaps I may better say, of Universal Religion, which it is proposed to hold in various large cities of the Orient during the winter of 1914-1915. It is to these congresses that I wish respectfully to invite your attention.

Some of you will remember that twenty years ago,

in the year 1893, a wholly unique and very notable religious gathering was held in the city of Chicago, in America, in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition. The gathering was called the World's Parliament of Religions. For the first time in the history of mankind it brought together distinguished representatives of all the leading religious faiths of the world, not to fight one another, not to traduce or criticize one another, but to take each other's hands as brothers, and to confer together on an equality about the great moral and spiritual interests that they all have in common. There every day for an entire month these leaders of the faiths of all lands, Christian and non-Christian, met, and, before large audiences of men and women coming from all parts of the world, set forth constructively and in a spirit of respect for other faiths, the views of religious truth that were most dear to themselves.

It was a wonderful and a most inspiring spectacle. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. No wonder that it attracted world-wide attention.

That Parliament of Religions bore excellent fruit, and of several kinds.

Not only were the addresses listened to by tens of thousands of persons, but they were reported in full by the great dailies of Chicago, and thus carried to millions of readers of America and beyond. Moreover, at the end of the Parliament they were published in a large volume, and in that form made their way into nearly all the principal libraries of the world.

From the Parliament dates a new interest in Christendom in the study of the non-Christian faiths of mankind, and a new interest in the world at large in the study of comparative religion. Chairs of comparative religions began to be established, as never before, in universities and divinity schools in America and Europe; and books on all the great religious faiths of the world began to appear in numbers hitherto undreamed of.

Nor was this all. No sooner was the Chicago Parliament over than the questions began to be asked in many quarters, Why should not other parliaments or congresses, animated by the same broad spirit, and having the same important aim of bringing the religions of the world into more sympathetic relations, be held in other places and other lands? The questions were soon answered. During the twenty years which have elapsed since the Chicago gathering, six other congresses, similiar in character, have been held in America and Europe,—one in London, one in Boston, one in Amsterdam, Holland, one in Geneva, Switzerland, one in Berlin, Germany, and one during the past July in Paris.

These International Congresses of Liberal Religion have all been notable gatherings, attracting wide attention in every land where they have been held, and drawing together large numbers of distinguished scholars and thinkers of the broader religious type, and leaders of religious progress of every name and faith.

Of late the further questions have arisen, Why should these congresses be confined to America and Europe? Why should not similar gatherings be held in Asia? Many religious leaders in Asia, Mohammedan, Brahmo, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, Shintoist and others, have been conferred with on the subject, and in almost all cases the replies received have been in a high degree encouraging, showing that the Orient is ready to welcome heartily, and to take earnest part in arranging, a series of congresses in a number of the great religious centers of the East.

The determination therefore has been definitely reached to hold such a series in the near future. The plan is as follows:

Several religious leaders of distinction, of different religious affiliations, Christian, Jewish and other, but all animated by the same spirit of breadth which inaugurated the Chicago Parliament and which has created the various congresses since, expect to start from New York in November, 1914, pass over to England and the continent of Europe, and there be joined by several other eminent preachers, writers and scholars of like spirit, and the whole company proceed on a round-the-world religious pilgrimage, with the purpose of assisting in six or eight Congresses of Universal Religion,—the initial one to be held in New York, the next in London, the third possibly in Buda-Pest, the fourth in one of the large Mohammedan cities of Western Asia or Northeastern Africa (Constantinople, Jerusalem or Cairo), the fifth in Calcutta, India, the sixth probably in Colombo, Ceylon, the seventh in Shanghai, China, the eighth in Tokyo, Japan, and the last in San Francisco in connection with the great Panama Exposition.

Arrangements for several of these congresses are already definitely made, and arrangements for all are under way. The man who has charge of the whole scheme is Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., of Boston, secretary of the International Congress Association, which has held the European and American congresses of the past, already mentioned.

As for myself, I have been sent to the Orient to confer with friends of the movement in Japan, China, India and elsewhere, and to assist in making definite plans for all the congresses which are to be held upon Asiatic soil.

Before coming to China I spent a month in Japan, where my mission was accorded a most hearty welcome, and where I was able to make arrangements for a congress in Tokyo, the capital, which were of the most satisfactory possible character. The Association Concordia, an organization made up of as eminent and influential men as there are in the nation, and representing all religious faiths, definitely invites the holding of a congress in that city, the Concordia to be its host, to make all local arrangements and to assume all local responsibilities. This assures that all possible will be done to make the gatering one of not merely local but national importance.

The All India Theistic Conference has definitely taken action expressing its wish for a congress to be held in Calcutta, and the authorities of the Buddhist Central College in Colombo invites us to hold a congress there. Arrangements for these will be completed when I visit those two cities.

As for your city of Shanghai, this seems to us the most important center for holding a congress in China. The aims of the congresses are so similar to those of your International Institute that we shall be glad if the institute shall see its way clear to invite the congress to be held here under its auspices.*

Of course it should be distinctly understood by all

*Such an invitation has been received and accepted.

that the congresses will be wholly unsectarian. Not only will they not represent any Christian sect or denomination except as they represent all, but they will not represent Christianity in any sense in which they do not represent all the great historic non-Christian faiths. The aim is not Christian congresses, or Buddhist congresses, or Hindu, or Confucian, or Shinto, or Parsee, or Jewish or Mohammedan, but congresses of all. Believing that there is one God over all the world, and that all religions contain truth that is of permanent and vital importance to men, representatives of all faiths are invited to come together to confer with one another as brothers.

The objects which these congresses hope to accomplish are three: One is the promotion of better acquaintance between the various religions. Such better acquaintance is greatly needed. The different religions hold themselves aloof from one another far too much. Thus they fail to understand one another, and as a result jealousies, alienations and antagonisms arise. Better acquaintance would do much to remove these jealousies and antagonisms, and to create a feeling of friendship and brotherhood.

Second, the congresses will stand for the universal elements in all the religions, and will put supreme emphasis upon these in all that is said and done. This will help the different religions to see how much they have in common.

Third, and most important of all, the congresses will endeavor to create in all the religions an understanding and a conviction that they have a great work to do together for the moral uplift of the world. Religion ought to be the world's greatest moral regenerator. It would be if all religious faiths would subordinate the local, the peculiar and the relatively unimportant elements which separate them, and place their emphasis upon the great moral and spiritual elements which they have in common and in which their life consists. If all the great religions of mankind would forget their petty differences, rise above their unnecessary enmities, and join their efforts for the one supreme end of curing the world's evils and lifting up the nations to righteousness, justice, brotherhood and peace, nothing could withstand them. Wars would cease, crime would well nigh disappear from the world, prisons would become mainly things of the past, the dark streams of suffering and sorrow which now flow over all lands would for the most part be dried up and the earth would become a very real heaven.

Why should not the religions of the world lay aside their antagonisms and unite in this their supreme mission? It is with the hope of doing something to effect this most desirable consummation that the congresses have been planned.

The "Treasure of the Lowly" is the supreme undiscovered treasure, that is why Maeterlinck writes of it with a golden pen. Bring the jewel into the market, let the lapidary take it from its mysterious matrix and cut it with his remorseless tools, fit it into a king's crown, a lady's ring or the cover of a silver box, and somehow the wonder vanishes. The crowd may stare, but no one goes into raptures any more.—*Indian Messenger.*

My Library—No. IV.

No young man's reading in the late sixties would have been considered complete if it had not embraced at least the "Essays of Macauley," which came under my notice along with "Carlyle's Essays," and together these served as an introduction to much that I had never before come across, as well as an even more important elucidation of much that I had already become more or less familiar with. I remember with what satisfaction I read the one on "Milton," by Macauley, and noted that it was written when the author was just out of college. How he could have written so much and been able to express it so well, was a great wonder to me then, and nearly as much so now, although I do find myself, nevertheless, somewhat readily assenting to what Matthew Arnold says concerning this particular essay, namely, "A leader who only wants rhetoric, a reader who wants a panegyric on Milton, a panegyric on the Puritans, will find all he wants. A reader who wants criticism will be disappointed." But I did not then read for "criticism," I simply yielded to an impulse to read only what was reported to me as the best; and quite probably my interest in Macauley was, as Arnold would say, chifiy "due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent state, stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it." Certainly I can only be very glad that my "nascent state" was thus hit so opportunely, so accurately, and so forcibly.

Then, as I remember, I next read his essays on "Machiavelli," and "Madame D'Arblay," and "Lord Bacon," and "Warren Hastings" in close succession, and from all these, too, I learned so much of individual as well as National History, that the world's horizon was made to grow broader by an amazing degree. With these, together with Carlyle's essays on "Burns," and "Mirabeau," and "Dr. Francia," and the "Nibelungen Lied," and "Diderot," and especially "Voltaire," concerning whom Lowell says "Carlyle gave to Englishmen the first humanly possible likeness," to say nothing of those on a number of German subjects, it may readily be thought that I was being furnished with instruction and discipline in their very best form, and that I would have been a dullard indeed had I not developed accordingly. Nor could I have shown innate and irremediable stupidity less markedly, had I not readily responded to all that was there offered, and surmounted with utmost cheerfulness every anticipated difficulty, and transmuted as best I could every difficulty actually encountered into the best joy of all, in so doing. How often have I, in my professional capacity, said to people, "Don't be afraid to read things that are *hard,* even if so hard that you quail at the prospect; things that you have to climb up to; for only thus will your reading truly prove to be worth what you desire in the end"; yet I fear, with only a disappointing outcome, all too frequently.

I often wonder if these old essayists are read now by anyone, as they were then, and if in these later times anything better or more inspiring is really being written! To be sure, certain inaccuracies have been pointed out in Macauley, and so, too, have many persons taken exception to Carlyle's rough and thunderous way of putting things. But even so, these men wrote so

that the significance of what they said hit the mark and penetrated to the reader's very soul, and thus often effected a "sub-soiling" as well as "seeding," which made it stronger, and the succeeding harvests better, for all time.

Especially did I find this to be the case when I read later "Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship;" how thoroughly instructive and enlarging were these lectures, whether on the "Hero as Divinity," or as "Prophet," or as "Poet," or as "Priest," or as "Man of Letters," or as "King." The very first idea expressed, namely, that "the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were in the history of these," was confirmatory beyond question of what had already seemed to me to be the case respecting all that I had elsewhere learned to discern. Surely I found Odin and Mahomet, Dante and Shakespere, Luther and Knox, Johnson, Rousseau, Burns, Cromwell and Napoleon, thoroughly what Carlyle predicted they would be, "profitable company," in whose "radiance," as he again said, "all souls feel that it is well with them." Moreover, I realized, at least in part, that Hero Worship "enters deeply into the secret of Mankind's Ways and vitalest interests in this world," even as into my own life it had entered, and still does enter, with a vitalizing influence as hard to estimate as to describe. It were well for everyone, I suspect, were they to enjoy such a "radiance" as that which then emanated to me from the comprehensive, skillful treatment of Great Men, by Thomas Carlyle. For all our lives through, I dare say, much of our very best thinking and doing depends more upon just the sort of Hero that we most devotedly worship, than we are usually aware of. Happy the day when the Hero selected is truly one so beautiful, so good, so true, that nothing that can result, even from closest association or memory, will ever be other than high-minded, clear-souled and true-actioned. The determining force of all such vivid mental-imagery cannot be overestimated. What we worship, that we eventually become, to every extent permitted by our individual natures.

To these two English essayists, I must add Froude, as found in the first two volumes of his "Short Essays on Great Subjects," which I purchased somewhat later. Here I found "The Times of Erasmus and Luther," treated quite differently from that given by D'Aubigny in his "History of the Reformation," and to my mind much more satisfactorily; and when I read the essay on "Criticism and Gospel History," and especially the one on "The Book of Job," it seemed to me that some of my doubts concerning particular Biblical claims, which had so often obtruded themselves almost without any welcome whatever, were here so intelligently substantiated, that henceforth I might feel better justified and more free to believe simply according to my own particular light, and not otherwise, in any sense. And, too, I found much comfort in reading the essay on "Spinoza," which, in similar manner, seemed to have embodied my soul's protest against the ecclesiasticism that assumes infallibility, where only ordinary human insight, or whim, or frailty, is really manifest. The one on "Calvinism," too, was elucidative; and so were all the other papers on religious subjects. For Froude's style was attractive; and what he said was not to be gainsaid by one no better informed than I was certainly, or am, for that matter. To me, Froude then almost rashly represented the progressive spirit of the age, in dealing with topics where, before, all had been mostly under some dogmatic ban or other. His radicalism was in the main so gentle, however, that now it seems rather tame, if not somewhat unsatisfactory, as I think of what I have read since. Still his much later lectures on "The Life and Letters of Erasmus" and "The Council of Trent" are of the same order, and fail not to satisfy nearly as well as did his earlier volumes.

My early dipping into Plutarch's "Lives" had initiated me somewhat into the wonderful world of Greek and Roman men and women, through one of the best means possible. But the translation was Langhornes', which Clough calls "inferior in loveliness" and also "a dull and heavy book;" and worse, was in a single antiquated volume that contained only a few of the most important subjects. When later my readings in Plato had so enlivened my interest in all that was Greek, it was probably very natural that I should have soon sought opportunity to read Homer and Æscuylus and Sophecles and Euripides, if only in such translations as were then available, and thus to have promoted my longing for the time when acquaintance with these and all else associated with them, might be more completely extended. This was in a way secured through purchasing certain volumes of the Harper's "Classical Library Series," and reading these with such interest and success as was possible. That this course did not very well satisfy me, any student of the originals of these works will readily understand. But learning to read the originals was out of the question with me, if I was to keep to my line of chosen duty; and so I had to wait for the much later work of Butcher and Lang, and Palmer, and Williams, before I could feel that in any real sense I could measure and appreciate the works so long and so happily valued from mere hearsay. That scholars like these have done a real, a much needed and a most satisfactory service for the non-classical student and reader, I wish most fully to testify; while it would be impossible for me to overestimate my indebtedness to an old copy of Gillie's "History of Greece," and the more recent acquisition of Grote's comprehensive volumes, for their share in helping a purely English reader to enter the life, the poetry, and the religion of the ancient nation, which, more than all others, has always seemed to me to be most worthy of devoted study and high respect, especially in regard to its more intimate history and its comprehensive range of ideas and their expression in literature.

One of the quiddities of my nature, or of my taste, has often puzzled me; for while I have always from my first slight acquaintance had a very deep interest in Greece and the Greeks, Rome and its doings have never interested me enough to prompt anything like a similar desire or effort to become acquainted with its history or literature. For me Horace, Cicero, Livy, Tacitus, Pliny, have had but little attraction, comparatively speaking, and even Virgil has been unreadable in any translation I could find, until very recently, when Theodore C. Williams' masterly poetical rendering has made it possible for me to appreciate this poet somewhat, as he is evidently so very worthy of being appreciated by the ordinary reader. Indeed, to this latter translator I feel a debt such as few authors have ever permitted me to contract. Because

of his splendid work I now feel that I can enter into not only the contents and spirit of Rome's greatest poem, but into the spirit of Roman life itself, as presented by its greatest poet, and I was about to say, his equally great translator. With this book before me, I can sail the seas with Troy's survivors, plan and command with Anæas, despair and rage with Dido, enjoy the rival sailing of the "four noble galleys" of "Sicily's familiar strand," first see with Anæas "A stretch of groves, whence Tiber's smiling stream" defends the land from the time "when Turnus from Laurentium's bastian proud, published the war," to the awful moment when "Hugh Turnus sinks o'erwhelmed upon the ground with doubling knee," and "With swift and dreadful arms, Anæas over him stood, with rolling eyes," and so on;—and can evermore be fairly satisfied that now, even without the original, I can possess myself of the essence of this one of the world's great poems, and feel that my mind is greatly the richer. Consequently when I remember this and associate with it the later translations of the "Odessey" by Professor Palmer, and of Sophecles by Professor Jebb, I am constrained to say, with no slight emphasis, that the reading of good translations should be regularly a part of every schoolboy's untrammeled privilege. For, when I have asked one college graduate after another if they ever take down from the upper shelf (of course) the old classics for an hour's reperusal and enjoyment, I am so frequently, in fact almost without exception, answered in effect: "No, I got so disgusted with them all in college that I have never wanted to see them since," that I sometimes wonder if a careful reading of translations simply would not have been the better course after all. Evidently there was altogether too much "grind" over vocabulary and grammar, and altogether too little enjoyment of the real meanings and beauties of even the best the world has to offer, to enable them to get anywhere near to what they should have closely touched. Better read translations enjoyably, from first to last, than originals as painful "stunts," I am sure. But one wonders at the necessity for this nonetheless.

Along with my reading of classical authors, there naturally enough developed more or less interest in the varied mythologies, which so thoroughly suffuse them all. Thus Zeus and Athenae, Aphrodite and Haephaetos, Artemis and Juno, Demeter and Apollo, and others of the Olympian hiearchy got to be more or less familiar names with me, and to have more or less esoteric significance, as well, long before I could get any sort of a hint as to what would constitute a key to the mystery underlying them all. How they ever came to be what they were, and especially what they really meant to the Old Greeks and Romans, was absolutely inexplicable until such time as Max Muller in his "Chips from a German Workshop," John Addington Symond's "The Greek Poets," and John Fiske's "Myths and Mythmakers," came to a rescue, not more timely than successfully. Says the former, "History never tells us of any race with whom the simple feeling of reverence for higher powers was not hidden under mythological disguises." If the Hebrews tried to explain everything by the creative and sustaining power of one transcendent Javeh, and accordingly worshipped him as all-powerful and righteous, the Greeks seemed similarly to have tried to explain nature's phenomena and man's history as well, by the all-persistent activity of many indwelling spirits that clothed themselves at will in forms needful for their manifestations and tasks, and then to have worshipped these creations of their imaginations with corresponding thankfulness and joy. Until this conception came to me, the meaning of very much of the life and history of ancient peoples was impenetrably blurred, and often utterly incomprehensible. Since, then, there is at least some sort of cheery radiance, which lifts all mythology from the mire of nonsense and "old woman's tales" to the shining path that will lead, I hope, to their complete meaning eventually. If Santayana is right in saying, in effect, that religion is poetry that is believed in as authoritative, then the value of a right understanding of every mythology becomes simply inestimable; and the world may await further insight and explanation with an interest not less expectant of light than of ultimate usefulness.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

Like a Real Lady

A well-meaning and most benevolent lady recently invited a large number of east side children to spend the day in the capacious grounds and gardens of her suburban residence, and a right royal time had those children.

One little girl of striking beauty, with those wonderful black eyes one finds only on the east side of New York, struck the fancy of the genial hostess in her rounds of hospitality. She was not more than nine years of age, and her coal black orbs flashed with intelligence.

"Now," said the hostess, "you know who I am."

"Yes," replied the child.

"I am quite sure," went on the lady, "that you have a great deal to say to me. Does what you see here today please you?"

The child silently eyed her friend.

"Talk away," said the lady. "Don't be afraid."

"Tell me," said the child, "how many children have you got?"

Astonished, the lady hesitated a moment and then entered into the fun of the thing.

"Ten," she replied.

"Dear me," remarked the child, "that is a very large family. I hope you are careful and look after them. Do you keep them all clean?"

"Well," replied the hostess, entering into the joke, "I do my best."

"And is your husband at work?" inquired the little girl.

"My husband," responded the lady with pride, "does not do any kind of work. He never has."

"That is very dreadful," said the little one earnestly, "but I hope you keep out of debt."

Then lady bountiful lost her temper.

"You are," she burst out, "a very rude and impertinent child to speak like that, and to me."

"I'm sure I didn't mean to be, Ma'am," she blurted out, "but mother told me before I came that I was sure to speak to you like a lady, and when any ladies call on us they always ask us those questions."—*New York Times.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER III.

PETERBORO'S STREAM OF PECULIAR VISITORS.

The Peterboro mansion entertained many unfortunate, queer and disordered persons. Never one of them was turned away. They were at great labor, oftentimes, to reach the wide-open doors of Gerrit Smith, because of the situation of Peterboro. But the fame of the hospitable home had gone out through all the land, and even beyond the seas, and hundreds came. Whatever their character, mission, state of mind or need, they were received with kindness, made comfortable while they remained and sent on their way with good words; with substantial help, if help were needed.

The first entry in the diary kept by Mr. Smith, recording the coming of fugitive slaves, is of the date November 30, 1838. It reads: "Mr. Peter Hitchcock of Cortlandville brought John Williams and John William Scott, fugitive slaves, to my house. December 1. I sent the slaves on their way to Canada." From that time until American slavery was no more, entertainment and care of escaped bondmen, and their forwarding on the road to Canada, was a very important feature of Peterboro hospitality. But aside from such fugitives, and the frequent visits of free persons of color, the items from the diary that follow, taken, as the reader will notice, from a wide range of years, will serve to show what a various and sometimes motley company sought and found a welcome in the Gerrit Smith home.

Sept. 10, 1842. I find on my return home a Mr. S., who says his home is near Geneva. He came to my house last evening. He is a peculiar religionist. Sept. 12. The peculiar religionist leaves at 1 p. m.

A week later comes Elder A. Beard of Oppenheim, a Second Adventist. (The Millerite excitement was at that time sweeping the country.) Mr. B. is accompanied by his wife and son. "They all believe that the world is to be destroyed next year."

May 5, 1845. The hospitalities of the mansion are extended to A. R. H. of Sherburne, "a pedlar of Bishop's Anti-Bilious Pills." He spends the night. Mr. Smith converses with him and makes this note: "He is a youth of more than common thrift, and may yet, humble as his occupation now is, make a figure in the world."

March 30, 1847, comes Mr. Wm. Corwin, a "Wandering Pilgrim," as he styles himself, and remains to dinner. He is peddling his own productions and appears to be a "man of considerable capacity."

May 2, 1848. The insane ex-Catholic priest and professor comes. May 4. He left us yesterday. Oct. 9. Mrs. —— of Port Byron, a poor old Dutch woman, arrives. She leaves after breakfast. A begging blind man and a begging woman and her son also breakfast with us.

April 9, 1849. Mr. Burnham, of the No-Marriage Community, near Oneida, dines with us. June 15. Poor Graham, the insane literary colored man, has been with us a day or two. Oct. 26. On my return from Morrisville I find at my home Nathaniel Myers, calling himself a converted Jew. He is a singular man. Nov. 20. Returning home I found Gen. (name indistinct) of the neighborhood of Cincinnati. He came to our house the previous evening. He is very insane on religious subjects and calls himself "The Brand."

Jan. 25, 1850. L. T. of De Ruyter comes this evening. He is insane. 26. T. leaves this evening. Feb. 7. An old man of feeble intellect stays at our house tonight. 8. The old man leaves after breakfast. May 2. A needy woman comes at 11 a. m. She is to remain until about that hour tomorrow. This evening a man from Scott takes supper. He also is needy.

June 16, 1851. Henry Douglas of Paterson, N. J., comes to our house this morning. He says he is 19 years old and ran away from his home a week ago Saturday. Has been to Buffalo; repents his folly and is on his way home. I hand him $3. He breakfasts with us and starts for home. July 7. A Mr. Clark arrives this evening; says he was born in Switzerland, is 36 years old, was a Roman Catholic, is now a missionary to the Comanche Indians in the S. W. part of Texas, and is going to London for his family. He appears to be disordered. He tells great stories of himself. (On the 11th the man of great stories is back and the Diary states:) Supped at our house. Dec. 12. Dr. Gould of Oneida Depot, a "rapping medium," spends the night with us. 13. He leaves at noon. 19. Mr. Haines of Oneida Depot comes this evening. He is a "medium" and speaks in "unknown tongues." 20. He leaves after breakfast.

Sept. 12, 1852. A queer religionist calls on us today.

April 23, 1853. A young man calling himself John Madison, a native of Virginia, spends a couple of hours with us. He is evidently somewhat insane. He is very ragged. I offered him clothes and a little money, but he felt himself insulted by the poverty of the offer! May 4. An old crazy man, Mr. ——, spent last night with us. July 24. Mr. L. (the balance of his mind is disturbed) was at our house most of yesterday and all night; will probably leave after breakfast.

July 22, 1857. A poor, sick, distressed woman, calling herself Miss S., came to our house yesterday in the stage.

Nov. 2, 1858. An insane man comes today.

SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIMENTS.

Jan. 2, 1859. Mr. B. of Conn. and Miss R. of Clinton (a pair of spiritualists) came in the stage at noon.

This evening I witnessed some spiritual experiments, which I confess astonished me. I was asked to say to myself, "If any of my spirit friends are present, let it be signified by the medium's (Mr. B.) putting my hand on a certain object," which object I designated in my own mind and spoke of to no one. I first designated (we were in the parlor) the east door-knob of the folding doors; then the chair on which I was sitting, and then the stand. These three times I put my hand in Mr. B.'s, and in, say half a minute to a minute, he put my hand on the right object. To me this is all very wonderful.

No psychical society had been formed at that date, nor had the phenomena of spiritualism been subjected to any scientific investigation. Hundreds of people were mystified by "experiments" as simple as those which aroused the wonder of Mr. Smith.

At a later date we find "Katy Fox, the famous medium" (she of the Rochester knockings, as they were called), among the Peterboro visitors.

April 3, 1861. A poor woman, subject to fits, has been with us a number of days. She is to go away tomorrow.

And so the record runs, practically to the end of Gerrit Smith's life. While guests of far other character were paying visits to the mansion,—relatives, family friends, business associates, men and women of world-wide fame in politics, literature, education, reform and philanthropy, this procession of peculiar folk, of poor, distressed and unfortunate folk, was pretty constantly appearing at the door, which seems never to have been shut against any. Clairvoyants, phrenologists, hydropathists, and Sabbatarians were among the callers who came, intent on expatiating each upon his particular theory or hobby to the generously listening ear of the host. It is indeed doubtful if a single one of the nineteenth century's many fads

and 'isms failed to send its representatives to Peterboro. The demands made in this way upon the time of one of the busiest of men were very great, and one would think in many cases very annoying. But they seem to have been met with cheerfulness. One good gentleman comes apparently to impart to the people of the mansion the secret of health. He is Mr. Peter Woodbury Jones of Amherst, N. Y., a cousin of Gen. Dix. He is, he tells Mr. Smith, "forty-seven years old, has never lost a tooth, nor had a headache, nor a cold, nor in any way been sick. He drinks hot water and milk, eats no fruit, and no vegetables but potatoes. He does eat meat."

In the steady line of fugitive slaves that made their way to Peterboro, an occasional case presented features of more than ordinary interest. One of the most interesting which the diary records is that of

HARRIET POWELL.

We transcribe: Oct. 25, 1839. This Friday afternoon, Nathaniel Miller of Skaneateles came express to my office to inform me that the celebrated Syracuse fugitive slave, Harriet Powell, has been removed to Mr. (name indistinct), in Lebanon, and that there is great fear that her pursuers will find her. I immediately send Mr. Dana (a clerk) for her. They reach here at 11 p. m. She is white, handsome and intelligent and her manners are very pleasing.

Oct. 26. The evening of this day, Harriet being disguised in clothes we furnish her, I walk with her about a third of a mile, just beyond the red house on the road to Wampsville. Mr. Dana overtakes us in a one-horse wagon by the time we get to the red house. I help her in, and I trust that by Monday noon she will be safe in Kingston, Canada.

Oct. 30. The evening of this day, Mr. Dana returned with the joyful intelligence that Harriet is safe in Canada. She entered Canada at daylight Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Stanton relates this incident considerably more in detail. She writes in her autobiography: "Many things were always transpiring at Peterboro to turn one's thoughts to and arouse new interest in humanity at large. One day as a bevy of us were singing and chatting in the parlor, Cousin Gerrit entered and said: 'I have a most important secret to tell you which you must keep to yourselves religiously for 24 hours.'

The pledge was eagerly given, of course, and the party followed Mr. Smith to the third story, where, after opening a door which admitted to a large room, they entered and "saw seated a beautiful quadroon girl, about 18 years of age." Mr. Smith said to her: "Harriet, I have brought all my young cousins to see you. I want you to make good abolitionists of them by telling them the story of your life—what you have seen and suffered in slavery."

"For two hours," says Mrs. Stanton, "we listened to the sad story of her childhood and youth, separated from all her family and sold for her beauty in a New Orleans market when but 14 years of age. The details of her story I need not repeat. The fate of such girls is too well known to need rehearsal. We all wept together as she talked, and when Cousin Gerrit came to summon us away we needed no further education to make us earnest abolitionists.

"Dressed as a Quakeress, Harriet started at twilight with one of Mr. Smith's faithful clerks in a carriage for Oswego, there to cross the lake for Canada. The next day her master and the marshals from Syracuse were on her track, in Peterboro, and traced her to Mr. Smith's premises. He was quite gracious in receiving them, and while assuring them that there was no slave there, he said they were at liberty to make a thorough search of the house and grounds. He invited them to stay and dine, and kept them talking as long as possible, as every hour helped Harriet to get beyond their reach; for though she had 18 hours the start of them, yet we feared some accident might have delayed her. . . . In due time the clerk returned with the good news that Harriet was safe with friends in a good situation in Canada.[8]

From the Diary:

A BLACK HERO.

July 26, 1850. Frank Williams and Peter Lewis, two colored men of Philadelphia, breakfast with us. They are interesting and pious men. Mr. Williams brings a letter of introduction from my brother's wife. His is a remarkable history. He was born near Augusta, Ga., and is now 43 years old. Nine years ago he bought himself for $1,015. Two or three years after he bought his wife for $900. His mother was greatly diseased, thought to be near death; but he was very anxious to get control of her person so that he might at least bury her as affection might dictate. She was useless to her owner, but he made Frank pay a hundred dollars for her! Emphatically is Frank a hero! He settled in Philadelphia with his family, including his mother, two years ago.

A mitigating feature of American slavery was the considerable frequency with which salves were permitted to purchase their own freedom. There were several ways in which this humane measure was managed. A capable negro was sometimes hired out by his master for a fixed sum, a part of which he gave to the slave. In other cases slaves were permitted to work overtime, being allowed wages for such extra labor. It was only the better class of negroes who possessed the energy and industry to take advantage of opportunities of this sort. There was as great difference in slaves as in masters. Some of the former were expert and reliable workmen; able, when hired out, to command for their owners good wages. Slaves of this character often received gratuities from their owners also. And when they were willing to labor after hours, or overtime, the earning capacity of such labor, while not indeed to be compared to that of free men, was sufficient, when persisted in, to amount to the market price of a slave, in the course of a few years.

On the slave's part, such early-and-late labor argued very high moral qualities. The ordinary daily tasks of a slave were severe enough to tire him by the time they were accomplished. The man or woman who was willing to start in after quitting time for a further stent was stout-hearted indeed, and willing-handed.

(*To be continued.*)

Books Received

Brown & Howell Co.,
"Broke"—The Man Without the Dime, by Edwin A. Brown. $1.50 net.
Inter-Collegiate Press,
Between Eras, From Capitalism to Democracy, by Albion W. Small.
Paul Elder & Co.,
Behind the Garden Wall, by Robert Wallace. $1.00 net.
The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud, by Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis. 75c net.
Broadway Publishing Co.,
The Trees of Worlds, by Jesse T. Hall, M. D.
The First Congregational Church,
The War Within, by John Edwards Le Bosquet.

[8] Eighty years and more.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

We venture this year into a field which few, outside of college circles, dare enter—the Apocryphal period in Jewish literature.

The message of the Jew was only partially developed on the banks of the Jordan. Former studies have shown the Jewish people environed by the obscure people of Canaan whose influence on Jewish thought and custom it is hard to discover.

The earliest traceable influence upon the Jew, aside from that of Canaan, came from Assyria and not from Egypt, as was taught by the earlier scholars. Documentary and monumental evidence prove that the traditional stories of the Pentateuch, the Creation, the Fall and the Flood, were anticipated a thousand years or more by those of the civilizations on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

After Assyria went down and Nineveh was obliterated, Babylon arose and carried the bulk of Jewish brain and life captive to school, five hundred and more miles across the desert. During a half century of captivity in daily contact with Babylonish culture and civilization the Jew bloomed into a literary life. In Babylon the greatest prophet flourished. There the psalms began to be sung, the Rabbi found his function, the synagogue had its root, and the temple ritual, as found in modern times, had its inception.

Last year we traced these later creations of the Jew —the prophecies of the great unknown, the book of Psalms, Job, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, Ruth, Daniel, Jonah, Esther, comprising the bulk of the literary treasures of the Old Testament. Probably the latest of them date into the second century B. C. Then the door of the Old Testament closed by a process partly unconscious and partly deliberate.

We shall deal this year with a literature shut out of the Old Testament collection by later hands. This blank leaf between the Old and the New we will find anything but a blank.

What is the character of this literature? A most elaborate growth of history, poetry and drama enriched with visions and prophecies. The apocalyptic literature, of which the book of Revelation of the New Testament is the last of a long series of compositions, is full of rhapsodies, dreams and ecstacies.

This is a literary peculiarity of the period extending two hundred years before and perhaps one hundred years after Jesus.

We first found the Jew enmeshed in a semi-barbarous, canaanitish life. We have seen him receiving instruction from the Assyrians, going to school to Babylonians, freed by Persia and returning to Jerusalem with a touch of the high, spiritual religion of Zoroaster.

Now about this time Alexander arose. This insolent invader ruthlessly walked over western and northern Asia like a mighty elephant tramping down lambs. He carried Greek influences over the then known world and the Jew reluctantly, unconsciously, rebelliously, profited thereby.

In the valley of the Nile, Alexander established a new city, destined to become not only the great commercial center of the world for 400 years but also the great thought and culture center. Alexandria was at its maximum at the period we are about to study. As the best Jewish brain worked in Babylon in the fifth century B. C., so the best Jewish brain was working in Alexandria in the first and second centuries B. C. Before the year's study closes we will find the Jew modified by Greek thought, mellowed, softened, broadened, losing something but gaining as much more. In the light of history the Christian is compelled to acknowledge how closely the Jewish Old Testament is allied to the Christian New Testament by this connecting link, which is neither Jewish nor Christian.

The study of these comparatively obscure and difficult units of literature is absolutely necessary as a preliminary to the study of the New Testament, and in it we will find lessons for the ethical, social and religious problems of life here and now, which will make us better citizens.

The three books indispensible to a thorough study are, (1) The Revised Version of the Apocrypha, (2) Uncanonical and Apochryphal Scriptures, by W. R. Churton, and (3) The Pseudepigrapha, by W. J. Deane.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the political condition of the Jewish people at the close of the Old Testament?
2. From our previous studies, name the nations who have left their influence on the Jewish character and religion?
3. Give two reasons why we should spend a year in the study of the Apocrypha?
4. Is this period an important one in the history of the Jewish people, and why?
5. Is this period an important one in the development of the Christian religion?

THEY FOUGHT NOT WELL.

They went forth to battle but they always fell.—*Gaelic Hero Tales.*

They went forth to battle but they always fell;
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;
They fought the battle wisely but not well,
And sank heart wounded by a subtle spell.
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields
A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard,
A piteous plea for pity and for peace;
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,
Though the white breast was red lipped where the sword
Did press a cruel kiss, to put surcease
On its fierce longing, but did not drink increase.
Ah, they with some strange troubling doubt were stirred,
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went to battle forth but always fell;
Their might was not the might of lifted spears:
Over the battle clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute tears;
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of hell,
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

—*Shaemas O'Sheel.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE GREEKS IN CHICAGO.

On Monday evening, February 2nd, the Class in Immigration heard an interesting lecture on the subject of the Greek Immigrants, by Dr. N. G. Papantaropulos, a Greek, who has been in this country for about ten years. After studying law at the University of Athens, he came to America, wrote for some newspapers in the East, and finally landed in Chicago. He worked his way through Northwestern University, and is now practicing dentistry among his own people in this city. The substance of his address was as follows:

About forty-five or fifty years ago, a few sailors from the Islands of the Archipelago, came to the United States on some schooner, and finding San Francisco and New Orleans good money-making places, they remained. The first real impulse to emigrate, however, was not until 1893, when this country became known as a refuge for all fortune-hunters. From this time on, the Greeks have been coming in large numbers.

The main cause for their leaving home was not due, as is often the case, to density of population, but to a general condition of poverty, brought about by a fall in the price of raisins. Raisins, which had been used extensively in French wine factories, was one of their chief products, and when the price went down, they could hardly pay the expenses of production. The masses of the people were left without work. After mortgaging their possessions, and living for some time on hopes, they were forced either to leave or to starve. There were, however, several other reasons for their willingness to emigrate, one of which was the extremely bad home government, and another, the compulsory military service of two years. Thus it was, that they consented to seek the unknown land beyond the mysterious ocean.

At the present time, there are two hundred and fifty thousand Greeks in this country, twenty thousand of whom live in Chicago. The majority are of the peasant class, though of late years some of the better educated have been coming. In the fashionable hotels and restaurants of the big cities, may be found young Greeks who are earning money to complete university courses, before going back to Greece. It may be interesting to know, that the Chief Justice of the Municipal Court in Athens was here for a time, selling bananas, in order to secure money for his education.

The Greeks in the United States are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Florida, and are engaged in all kinds of occupations. They usually begin working on the railroads and in the mines. As soon as they save up enough money to start a business of their own, they establish candy stores or groceries. Statistics show that there are, in the United States, over eight thousand restaurants and lunch rooms run by Greeks, one thousand boot-black shops, one thousand groceries, five hundred flower stores; and that there are over sixty thousand Greeks in factories of various kinds, and eighty thousand on railroads and in mines; between five and six thousand are waiters, ten thousand are in clerical work, and ten to fifteen thousand are in business. The one idea of the Greek is to make money, with the result that he has little time or inclination to attend evening school. He can speak good Englsh, but he does not know how to read and write. For this reason the Greeks are not, as yet, in politics.

Generally speaking, the Greeks do not live well in this country. The peddler uses his cart as a store in the day time, turning it into his bed at night, and keeping his valuables below. Others join together in renting a small flat where they do their own cooking and housekeeping in a slovenly way, due to overcrowding and to ignorance. The question of sanitation has been brought to the proper authorities, who are trying to remedy the conditions which prevail.

After they come here, few Greeks ever go back home, unless they go to bring their wives and children to America. They get used to our systems and ways, and like them. It is estimated that about ninety per cent of the men lead single lives in this country, being either unmarried or else having wives at home.

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This results in lack of permanency in their work. They go from one job to another in the hope of earning enough money to have their families and sweethearts join them, or to go over for them.

The Greeks, being hard workers, add greatly to the progress of this country from every point of view. It is probably only their lack of education which prevents them from doing big things. They become good American citizens, who pay their rents promptly. They are the least inclined criminally of all the foreigners, though they are noted for gambling and for quarreling among themselves. Only a small percentage are drunkards. The Greek professionals in the city spend much time in trying to uplift their countrymen and to minimize the evils among them. Among their own institutions are three churches, one school (which is not up to the standard of our public schools), one bank, twenty benevolent associations, two Greek-American political clubs, and several social clubs.

How can we as Americans, help our Greek neighbors? We can surpress newspaper reports which represent the whole race as wholesale butchers, in consequence of an act of one individual; we can help to improve the prevailing conditions at the Maxwell street police station, in order to give protection to the Greeks, to restore their confidence in the law, and their faith in the justice which is their due; we can open up more social settlements, such as Hull House, where they are always welcome, and we can place Greek interpreters in our evening schools. We can mix with them more than we have done in the past, become their friends and give them advice, while they are trying to adjust themselves to their new environment.

In conclusion Dr. Papantonopulos spoke of the immigration bill which requires foreigners to be able to read and write. The object of this bill is to exclude undesirables, but does it accomplish its object? he asked. As a matter of fact, it is the uneducated who are apt to make the most peaceful citizens, while the criminal records go to prove that most criminals are well versed in at least one or two languages. Dr. Papantonopulos suggested the following method as a more effectual means of keeping out undesirables: 1. Refuse admittance to those who have served for any criminal offense in a penitentiary in their respective countries for one year or more. 2. Make every newcomer present his photograph with a certificate stating that he has not been sentenced for any criminal offense for five years prior to his coming to this country.

EDITH LOBDELL.

"'I will govern my temper and my tongue' is, I think, a resolution which all of us ought to make for this New Year and all the New Years to come. It is one that all can keep if they try and I think it is the best one for everybody, because I believe ill temper is the cause of more unhappiness, not only in the home but in the world at large, than any other fault. Only think what a heavenly place this world would be if all of us were sweet-tempered."

JONES

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